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THE

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Parson's Parlour.

A

from (e.s.)
the range

P O E M.

By a TRADESMAN *of* OXFORD.



O X F O R D:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR:

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THE
Paton's Patron.

P. O. E. M.

By a Translation of Oxford.



OF THE
PRINTED FOR THE
And in the
[Illegible text]



THE
PARSON'S PARLOUR.

In a Letter to a Friend.

S I R,

L I K E *Satan*, wand'ring here and there,
I lately got to OXFORDSHIRE:
And recollecting——I'd a Friend
Coop'd thereabouts, like Capon penn'd,
I ask'd some country Swains at Tillage,
The ready Way to find the Village.
Where, being arriv'd——I soon did fasten
Upon the Hut that held the Parson:
Who lately left the wicked Town,
And splendid Life, to be a Clown.

For finding Sin grown Sermon-proof,
 He thought he'd labour'd long enough,
 And so retired in a Huff,
 To live recluse, and take his Ease,
 Small Pains, good Tithes, and other Fees.

He had no Wife—to rack his Breast,
 And break his Day and Nightly Rest;
 Disturb his Study, or his Mind,
 By being cross—or over kind:
 But in the Stead he kept a Maid,—
 A Servant, tho', I should have said;
 Who took my Horse, and shew'd me in,
 Where TRUEMAN sat, behind his Chin; *
 Who half arose—with much ado—
 And cry'd,—“ Why, sure it can't be you!
 “ Come, gi's your Hand, and sit you down;
 “ And tell me what's the News in Town.
 “ How fares my Godson, and his Mother?
 “ And *Sally Wood*, and *Jack* her Brother?
 “ A mettled Stick of Wood the last,
 “ But lives, I fear, a deal too fast.

* He was very fat.

" Does *Lewis* still as stiff remain,
 " And what he stole abroad detain?
 " Threaten yet, daily, to invade us,
 " And with his *Edward* gasconade us?
 " Good Lord! that ever *Christian King*
 " Should covet such a wicked Thing!
 " Who has more Lands to rule a'ready,
 " Than he can guide with Steerage steady;
 " But he's a *Papist*,—so no wonder
 " He cannot keep his Conscience under,
 " Which aims at *universal Sway*,
 " But God defend us all, I say,
 " From such a furious Man of Prey!
 " That will his Neighbour's House invade,
 " And strive to steal away his Trade,
 " His Ox, his Afs, his Wife, and Maid.
 " Sure he ne'er saw the † *Holy Tables*,
 " Or thinks the *Laws* thereon are Fables.
 " Oh, wretched ROME! if all thy Sons
 " Are such ungodly Mirmidons,
 " I would not change my Situation
 " To be the KING of such a Nation,

† The Tables of Moses.

" Whose

" Whose Church is but an evil Mint,
 " Without a Grain of Gospel in't.
 " That daily coins some new Invention,
 " To serve some politick Intention.
 " Without Regard to Righteousness,
 " For that they study——nothing less.
 " I know they call us Hereticks,
 " And sure Damnation on us fix;
 " And of our Murder make a Merit
 " Sufficient——Heaven to inherit.
 " But Heav'n, I hope, will keep 'em hence,
 " And punish largely their Offence.
 " —And pray how stands Affairs with *Spain*?
 " Must *Britons*, who command the Main,
 " Be stopp'd and search'd by them again?
 " And what's this *Fishery* now in hand?
 " A Thing I can't well understand:
 " For how can that employ the *Poor*,
 " And *half a hundred Thousand* more?
 " Are salted Herrings such a Dainty,
 " In this delicious Land of Plenty?
 " They're *scurvy* Food——not fit to eat!
 " I wish it don't prove all a Cheat."

Thus

Thus running on—from Thing to Thing,
 He gave no Time for answering,
 Till want of Breath, and want of Matter,
 Made his glib Tongue lie something flatter:
 To which the Maid, who now came back,
 Concurr'd, by putting in her Clack,
 Which was in * *alt*, and silenc'd soon
 The Parson's Tenor, to some Tune:
 And rais'd the 'leventh † *Persecution*,
 By Inquisition after *Susan*,
 Who kept the Rector's House in *London*,
 But marry'd bad, and now was undone.
 At length she ceas'd ;——and went aside,
 To get some Eggs and Bacon fry'd:
 The usual Country noon-tide Treat ;
 As if they had no other Meat,
 Or could get nothing else to eat:
But this is ready—is the Phrase,
 And readier this, than other ways.

* *Alt*, from *alto* high ; a Term in Musick.

† The Ten Persecutions of the Church were famous in the first Ages of Christianity.

The Courses and the Dish but One,
 Our Dinner very soon was done:
 But though the Courses were so few,
 The *Dish*—was *coarse* enough for two;
 The Potter's work—of simple Earth,
 But colour'd, brown, to hide it's Birth;
 And had been whole, when new, perhaps,
 Tho' now 'twas notch'd with three small gaps.
 The Plates—more neat—embellish'd were
 With something blueish—like a Bear:
 To mimick, I presume, the many
 Who use that brittle Ware call'd *China*;
 A far-fetch'd Stuff—of short Duration,
 And prejudicial to the Nation:
 For now—no more our *Cornish* Mines,
 Our boasted *British* Silver shines.
 The Cocker scarce will deign to eat,
 If *Pewter* Dishes hold his Meat.

The Cloth withdrawn—the concise Board
 With new, sweet Ale, was quickly stor'd.
 The Parson fill'd, and went to smoaking,
 Whilst I and Nanny fell to joking,
 An touch'd on Topics—most provoking:

But

But finding I was drawing nigh her,—
She thought it prudent to retire.

The Damsel gone—the Scene grew dull;
The Parson's Mouth and Belly full,—
Inclin'd him to a Game at Noddy,
And I was left a single Body;
With nought to do but gaze about,
And other odd Concerns find out.
Which, being in my Estimation,
Well worth a Stranger's Observation,
I drew my Pen and Pocket-book,
And thus the Inventory took :

Imprimis,

Six curious Chairs, extreamly slender,
By Art and Age made mighty tender;
Unfinish'd——tho' (it may be guess'd)
The Maker did his very best,
Since Worms were forced to do the Rest;
Who, like the secret working Moles,
Had finely pink'd them full of Holes.

Two others——of a stronger Kind,
With different Sorts of Cushions lin'd,

Before the Chimney always staid,
 To hold the Master and the Maid.
 The Parson's Cushion was true Blue,
 The Maiden's of a darker Hue,
 And had been Black too, in it's Prime,
 About the * first Rebellion Time.

Whether my Friend the Owner was
 A Scholar of † PYTHAGORAS,
 Or whether he contemn'd his Maxim,
 By JUNO I forgot to tax him:
 Howe'er—we're very sure of this,
 He favour'd *Metamorphosis*;
 And by ‡ NAS. OVID's Imitation
 Wrought several Kinds of *Transformation*:
 As may be instanc'd by this Cushion,
 Which once a *Coat* was,—and a Plush one,
 That in the Summer kept off Heat,
 And in the Winter Cold as great.

* The *Preston* Rebellion: Being the first in this Age.

† A School-master of *Samos*, who taught the Transmigration of the Soul from one Body to another.

‡ A Roman Poet who taught the Transformation of Bodies.

In which first State—as doth appear
 Upon Record, pass'd seven Year:
 But being grown a little rusty,
 With over brushing when 'twas dusty,
 A cunning, nimble Jackanapes
 That more than * PROTEUS dealt in Shapes,
 With wondrous Skill cull'd out the best,
 And made a spick and span new *Vest*;
 Such as the Vulgar *Waistcoat* call,
 Though Arms and Hips go in't withal.
 Five other Years in this Condition
 Plush doublet shone without Transition:
 Till such another Operator
 Found on Deliberation mature,
 An Art to alter all the Stitches,
 And form thereof a Pair of *Breeches*.
 Which—if he had not fiz'd so well,
 But left the Parson Room to swell,
 For any Sign of their Decay
 They had been Breeches to this Day.
 But being now so overgrown
 As not to be with Comfort worn,

* A Sea-God, that could assume any Shape or Form.

Were once again translated—from
 The Masters to the Maiden's B—m.
 For NANNY's providential Art
 To save the fundamental Part,
 Had drawn together all th' Extreams,
 With great Address and seven Seams.
 And fill'd it with the Heifer's Hair,
 To make a Cushion for her Chair.
 'Tis true—it look'd with oddish Grace,
 Because it still retain'd the Face,
 And Fashion of a *Crupper-Case*:
 And being laid in *Nursing* Chair,
 Creates Ideas too as rare:
 For as the Breeches laid on Bed
 Will get a Maid with Child it's said,
 What must thy TROUSERS do, O Parson,
 Which NANNY all Day sets her — on?

A Table by the same great Hand,
 So feeble it could scarcely stand;
 That represented well a Spider,
 But only 'twas a little wider:
 Six sprawling Legs an Ell in length,
 Design'd for Beauty more than Strength,
 Projecting

Projecting, stray'd a Yard afunder,
 And made a spacious Dog's Hall under ;
 Where * TRAY and DUTCH, and VALENTINE,
 Do every Day in Discord dine.

The Top was round, and thin, and narrow,
 Dimention'd by the Wheel of Barrow,
 But broad enough to dine —— a Sparrow.

In Place of Mantle-piece there stood,
 An odd Machine compos'd of Wood,
 Of Bracket-form, but notch'd like Rack,
 To hang Meat near, or draw it back ;
 For this was, Sir, the Parson's Jack ;
 That Day and nightly kept the Coast,
 To shew they sometimes rul'd a Roast.

Above the Jack — was hung the Bacon,
 From which our Dinner late was taken:
 An Emblem of the Parson's Plenty,
 And was no fewer Pounds than twenty.
 But being in two warm a Clime,
 It's fatness had ran down the Lime ;
 And made it like a Map.to look,
 With here a River there a Brook.

* The Parson's Dogs.

On t'other Side the Room was plac'd
 A homely Shelf — but amply grac'd,
 With Spoons, a Bible, Knife, and Candle,
 A black'd white Mug without a Handle;
 A Mousetrap hardly worth a Rush;
 An unstopp'd Cruet, and a Brush,
 An Inkhorn, and a Heel of Cheese,
 Cut even — into odd Degrees;
 A small tooth'd Comb for NANNY's Use,
 And half a Pound of Spanish Juice,
 To cure the Parson's Cough on Mondays,
 Which he was sure to catch on Sundays,
 By staying in an unair'd Place,
 Near sixty seven Minutes Space.

Beneath — upon a wooden Pin,
 The Sunday Hat and Wig were seen;
 Of equal Semblance as to Colour,
 Except the Wig was something duller:
 A holy Rose the Beaver bound,
 Which dust unholy did surround,
 So thick — some Folks would say — a Pound.
 And lest your Worship should suppose
 'Twas rather Powder on the Rose,

And

Which BOREAS, or a Wind as big,
 Had blown from off the neighb'ring Wig,
 I think it proper to premise,
 He valu'd more his Meal and Eyes,
 Than thus to waste it in such-wise.

Upon the Summer hung a Net,
 With Onions — wanting to be set.
 Near them two Hare-Skins, stinking new,
 And of the Parson's killing too:
 For o'er the Door was plac'd a Gun,
 That had the sixth Command out-run,
 And many willful Murders done.
 But these two Hares were legal Spoil,
 That trespass'd on the * sacred Soil;
 Were Thieves, and starv'd the holy Sheep,
 By robbing them of half their Keep.

Hung to a Hook on t' other Side,
 A Gammon by a Tape was ty'd,
 That aptly hid a broken Place,
 And cover'd Part of CHEVY-CHASE,

* The Glebe Land.

A Ballad that begins most * *godly*,
Or else would there have look'd but odly.

A *Mirror* in a *mourning* Frame,
A special Notice next did claim;
That half a Hundred Years ago
Might be four-square for ought we know;
But eaten by the Teeth of Time,
And something else — *to make a Rhime*;
Or broke by some good Housewife's Rigour,
Consisted now of no true Figure;
Nor much Reflexion; — but perhaps
My Friend it's Dullness lik'd — and Gaps;
Left, by it's brightness it should be
Th' Occasion of Idolatry:
A Thing too common where the Glass
Does represent a pretty Face.

The *Window* — where the Mirror hung,
Had sev'ral Sorts of Birds-eggs strung;
That having not before their Eyes
The Fear of — holy Mysteries,

* This famous Ballad so celebrated by Mr. ADDISON, in the *Spectator*, begins, *God prosper long, &c.*

But instigated by — Instinct,
 Had built their Nests in his Precinct.
 The other Window — low and Mean,
 Was neither light, nor whole, nor clean;
 But where there was a broken Pane,
 A Leaf from NANNY's Bible ta'en,
 Most cheaply plaister'd up the Blain;
 A Charm no Doubt to keep out Evil,
 The Wind, the Witch, and eke the Devil,
 Who, as the Ancients say would pass
 Through any Crack of fractur'd Glafs.

And where two Panes were broke in one,
 And even Lead and Glafs were gone,
 The Bishop's Letter stuck thereon.

Beside the Door — a *Cupboard* stood,
 Of ancient, season'd, black-brown Wood;
 With many Figures carv'd thereon,
 To grace the Court of good King JOHN;
 Two Posts supported both Extreame,
 For Strength exceeding Weavers Beams,
 Hung round with Hieroglypeick * Lore,
 Not very easy to explore:

* Learning.

C

Within

Within — were plac'd the Parson's Books,
 That occupy'd the upper Nooks:
 Below — a Skellet and a Kettle
 Hemm'd in a Pot of * baser Metal;
 In which were plac'd a Pair of Shoes,
 The Parson did not often use.

Upon this ancient Cupboard's † Crown,
 Which heretofore was of Renown,
 For holding Flaggon's, Beakers, Cups,
 And other Vessels of good Sups,
 Disgrace now falls; — and in the Stead,
 Is forc'd to hold its rev'rend Head
 Beneath a Chamberpot of Lead;
 In Confort with a Dripping-Pan,
 And Beaver black of Mistress ANN.

The *Cellar* on the self-same Floor,
 Partition'd off — without a Door,
 Stood boldly fronting us in View,
 With gay, green Walls, and Barrels two,

* Iron.

† In old Time when these Sorts of Cupboards were reckoned polite Furniture, it was customary to set clean scowered Pewter upon them: From whence the Proverb, *It looks like a Chamber-pot on the Cupboard's Head.*

On

On Stones elated — firm they stood,
 As if they'd had a stand of Wood;
 For small Beer one — and one for stronger,
 Which stood an End, and was the longer:
 And serv'd instead of Hanging-shelf,
 To keep the Victuals safe from Stealth;
 For if the Mice presum'd to scale —
 The strong Effluvias of the Ale
 Soon made the stoutest Foe turn Tail.
 And for the * Flies — who never dread
 The Liquor's hurting of the Head,
 The Walls were hung with fatal Snares,
 The Mazes of † ARACHNE's Cares.

Just here the drowsy Parson 'woke,
 And my Survey abruptly broke.

The MORAL — if there's any meant,
 Is but to shew what is CONTENT;
 How few Utensils will suffice
 The Man that frugal is — and wise;

* Flies will drink Ale like Fishes.

† Cobwebs.

And that a Peasant's scanty Board
 With one small Joint of Mutton stor'd,
 May make the Owner amply bless'd,
 If he's of that RICH GIFT possess'd.
 This — the sagacious Rector knew,
 And made his constant Practice too:
 Tho' when he liv'd at *London* Town,
 The Tyrant *Custom* bore him down;
 And made him live like other Folks,
 To 'scape the Censure of their Jokes;
 Which high-flown People oft discharge,
 On those who *cannot* live so large;
 As if the Riches they inherit,
 Were Guerdons, given for their Merit.
 And yet — how few that Wealth have got,
 Enjoy the poor Man's *happy Lot*!
 CONTENT! his Friend, his Feast, his Pleasure,
 Rewards his Want of worldly Treasure;
 On a bare board of * *English* Wood,
 He eats his Meal with Stomach good;

* English Timber for Tables, &c. was at this Time much out of Vogue with the People of Fashion.

At Night — lyes down, secure of Rest.
And snores as loudly as the best.

Then what avails the brittle * Board,
And brittler † Dishes so ador'd,
The easy Chair or Bed of Down,
The Velvet Coat or Velvet Gown,
A Coach and Six, Post-Chaise or Chair,
If *Discontent* is harbour'd there?

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

G. S. GREEN.

* Mahogany.

† China Ware.

At Night — the howling of the

And moans as loudly as the

Then what avails the battle's

And better — Darius to adore

The easy Chair or Bed of Down

The Velvet Coat or Velvet Gown

A Couch and Six Post-Chairs or Chairs

If Discontent is found there



I am, Sir,

Yours, Sir,

G. S. GREEN.

of China Wares

Photography